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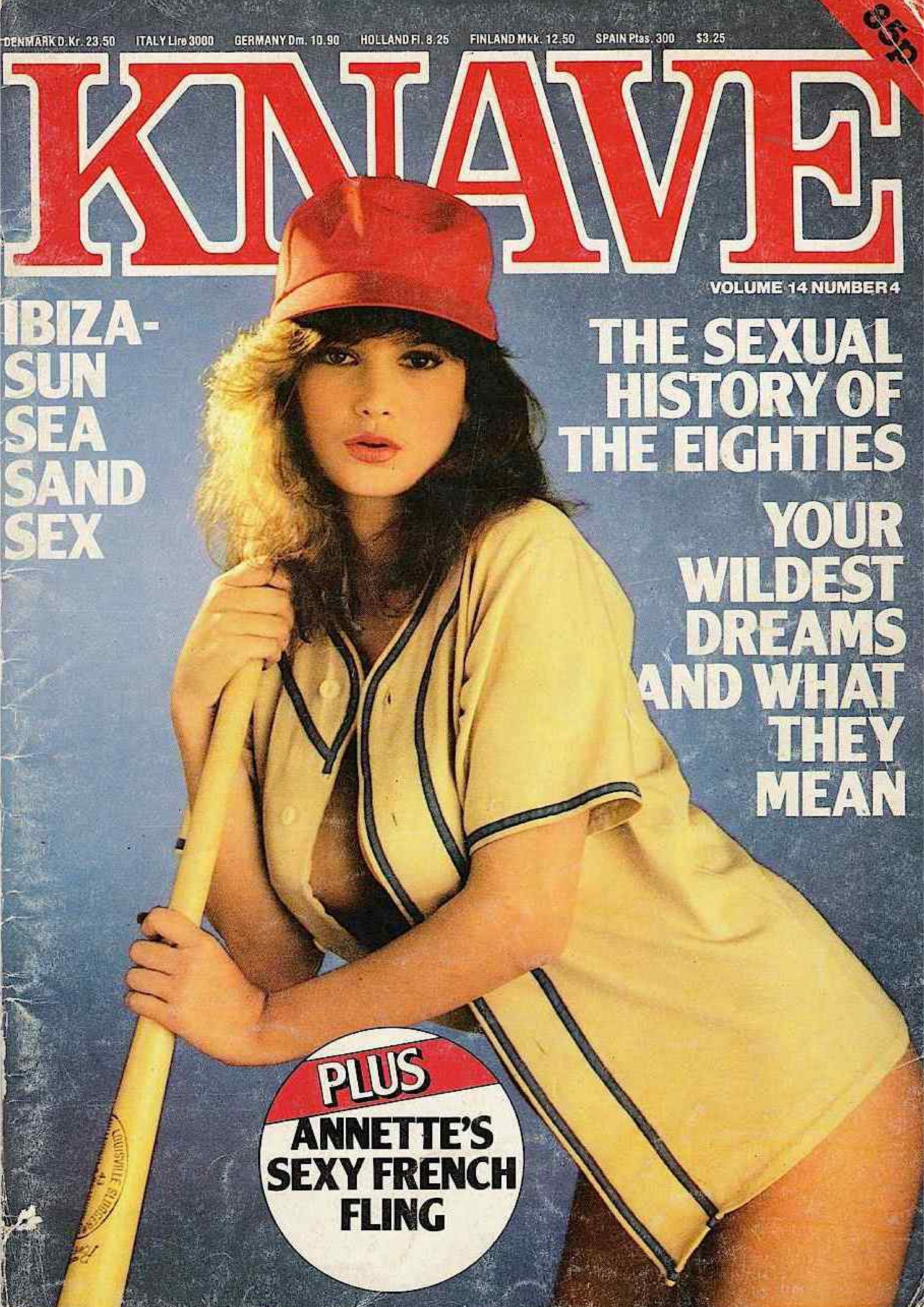
KNAVE

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 4



IBIZA-SUN SEA SAND SEX

THE SEXUAL HISTORY OF THE EIGHTIES

YOUR WILDEST DREAMS AND WHAT THEY MEAN

PLUS ANNETTE'S SEXY FRENCH FLING

From Annette with love

Something of a spectacular this month. Annette stars as the 'femme fatale' in a frothy French sequence. And there's a nostalgic black and white version too. Two Annettes for the price of one.

This month the photographs are my *own* particular fantasy. I think there is something so sexy about the French Tart look, with that close fitting black skirt, slit to the hip, and a tight fitting sweater. It gives a girl every opportunity to look and feel sexy. It also puts other women on their mettle. Just look at the black looks I am getting from the other girl in some of the photographs.

The combination of sexy, tight fitting, clothes; black, fishnet stockings; blonde hair and a cheeky beret is the kind of seduction material most men look at twice. I think the reason is that it is so obvious and bold. A girl has to have a lot of confidence to even climb into the costume, even though she might have all the basic equipment, of looks and figure.

I *become* a French woman when I'm wearing this outfit. I feel gloriously uninhibited; provocative. I want to feel I can have any man in the room if I so much as raise an eyelid, let alone beckon a finger. I feel I don't have to apologise or qualify my feelings and thoughts to anybody. Whereas we English girls, even today, still tend to hold back. We feel there is something not quite right if we make ourselves too obvious. I think there are times in every girl's life when she ought to let herself go, and that is my mood in this month's photographs. I felt very naughty and sexy all the while the photographer was taking these pictures. I once danced in this kind of costume, and ever since I have been wanting a chance to show it off again. Thanks to David, our Managing Editor, I've done it.

This month's randiest letter comes from Wendy up on Humberside.

"Dear Annette:

I thought that when I got married, life would be a bed of roses — sex-wise! But no such luck. My old man, as I have begun to call him, takes a week to get over a climax, and I can have three orgasms while he is struggling to come once. I thought during our courting he would improve, but what a mistake I made. He's gone from bad to useless. I always make up in the nude before getting into bed with him, and caress his cock and so on, but the only response I get is: "Don't darling, I've had a hard day."

He spends a lot of time away from home. I can't complain, because that's his job, but we haven't been married a year and I was beginning to despair of my sex life. So he agreed that I could get a part time job to break the monotony of being left on my own so much.

During the interview the man I would be working for undressed me all the time with his eyes. I was given a desk just outside his office where he could see me and I noticed that all he did that first day was to look at me whenever he thought I wasn't noticing. 'I'll find out what he's made of!' I said to myself.

I got up and went to the toilet and took off my knickers, and put them in my hand bag. When I returned and sat at my desk my skirt rode up a good way to my thighs, as it had done before, but now I moved to sit sideways so that I was facing him. I crossed my legs at the ankles, but with my knees apart, and my thighs at about 45° — showing him the lot. Being a brunette my pubic bush must have been obvious to him. I sat there swinging my legs and pretending I didn't know he was staring up my skirt.

He came across and said that since it was my first day would I like to go out to lunch? Naturally I agreed! As we got into his car I asked him where we were going. "To my place", he replied, straight out. "My wife's away for a week visiting her parents.". 'This is it!' I thought. As he changed gear his hand started on my knee, then my thigh, so I slid further down the seat and pushed my hips forward. He could feel how wet and ready for him I was. The bulge in his trousers was sending me berserk.

We arrived and went straight up to the bedroom. As he followed behind he put his hand up my skirt. It got me so frantic I threw myself on the bed and just hitched my skirt up. He came out of the bathroom naked. It was twice the size of my old man's, and I told him: "It's a beauty. Bring it here to me, darling — I'm

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

Photographed by Russell Gay

I don't remember who the gay Frenchman was, but the girl was me! We found this 'French Tart' se

BIERE
D'ALSACE

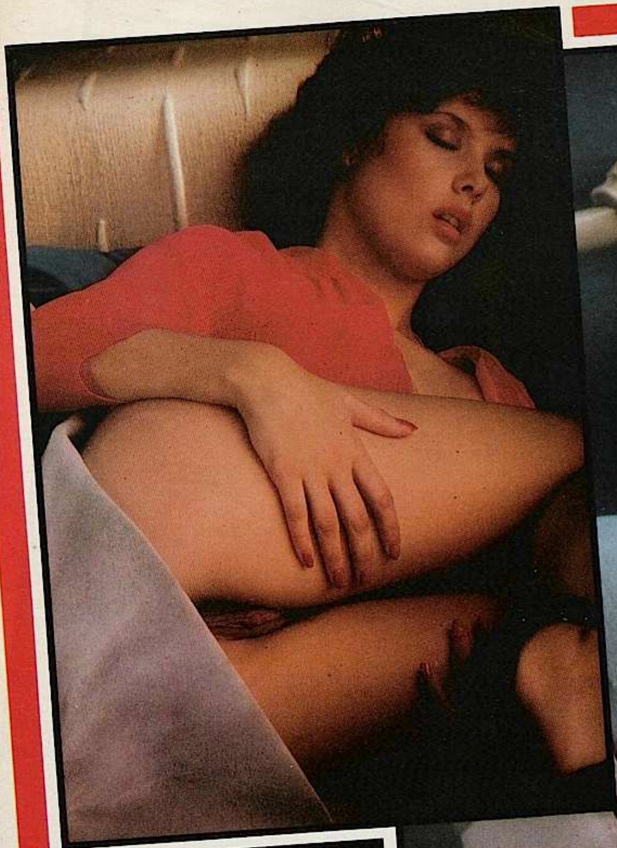
Tart' set I did 20 years ago and thought we'd include it as a special nostalgic treat. Which do you prefer?

See our special ad on page 76!

CLARA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS

It all started when her Careers Mistress told her she'd do very well in insurance. Clara decided to become a dancer. Since then she's worked in Germany, the Middle East and soon — America. She admits to having a butterfly mind and sometimes forgets where she left the last boyfriend. She believes in 'sexual honesty' which probably means she likes it a lot. She says she'd like to meet a rich lover but usually falls for lost causes. Her last affair was with a penniless student who told her life without sex was a cage with bars that only sold soft drinks. But he had a nice body so she kept him for a month. His real ale charm lapsed after a while and now she's on the loose again. Bet she isn't lonely for long.



Lorna Royle

KNAVE'S AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

For the second month in a row Essex provides our deliciously amorous amateur. This time it's the turn of Lorna, a sweet secretary by day and a scandalous seductress by inclination. Never mind that wistful, butter-wouldn't-melt look, these pages prove it. She lives in Southend-on-Sea but travels up to London to work in the City. Her verdict on her modelling debut? "Quite different from what I expected . . nicer and friendlier . . but it was a sexy experience, being the centre of attention like that . . I'd love to do it again!" And so say all of us. Come on girls — who's next?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

A STAR FOR A DAY

Experience a little glamour under the lights and prove you're as good as our other models. As our Amateur Model of the Month you'll be the star of a photo-session shot by a professional photographer in a fully equipped studio — and with a top make-up artist in attendance. So come on girls, send us three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee will be £150 — and there's a further £25 for the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention. Let's hear from you **now.**

LOUISVILLE KY

babe ruth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK STEWART

She has that familiar look about her, as if you've seen her before somewhere. As if she ought to be in 'Dallas' along with Kirsten and Sue Ellen. Can't you just imagine her battling in the bedrooms at South Fork? Giving JR a hard time? ''Gee, it came off in my hand — honest!''

In real life she comes from 400 miles to the East, Greenville, Mississippi — and her accent is all honey and woodsmoke. She doesn't really care for Baseball even if she does look great in the hat. (We let her keep the hat.) Ruth excels at indoor pursuits. She loves to be pampered and petted, adores lobster suppers and likes to sleep late with friends.

Her beauty has carried her far and she's never had a 'real' job, apart from occasional modelling assignments. She flits from riviera yacht parties to film festivals, disappears for a while, and reappears with a smile and a tan, and tales of South America. She has a cat called Truffles.

The day after the photographic session she was off to an Italian vineyard with a man who had promised to name a wine after her. (Sounds like a great line, he must get a lot of girls that way.) Chateau Neuf de Ruth, perhaps? A rich, full bodied wine with a beautiful bouquet. A cute nose too.

If they only knew what they were missing, the citizens of Greenville would hold rallies and protest. But she hasn't been back for years. Shame.

Practice -4:0
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3:00

Thurs
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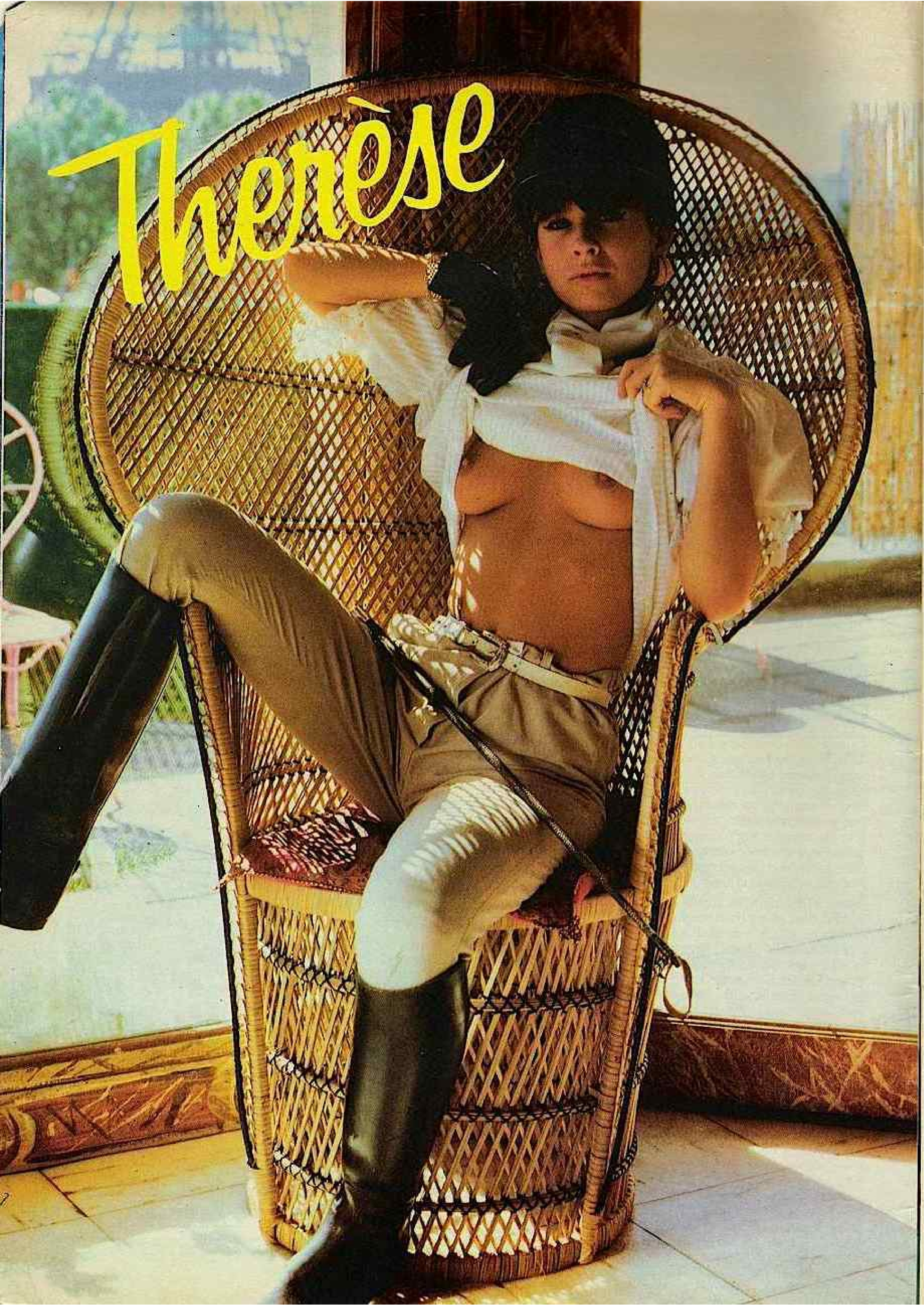
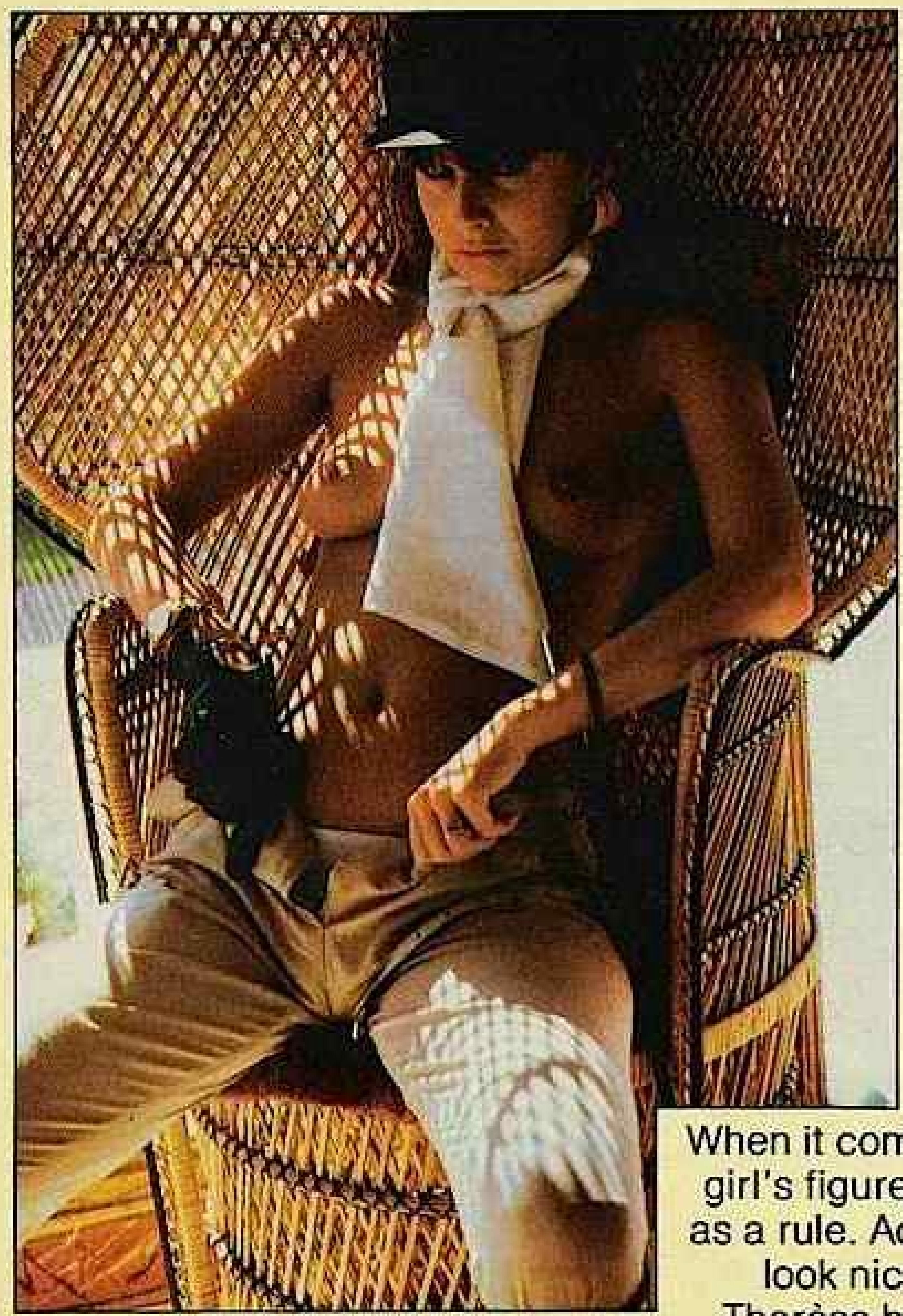
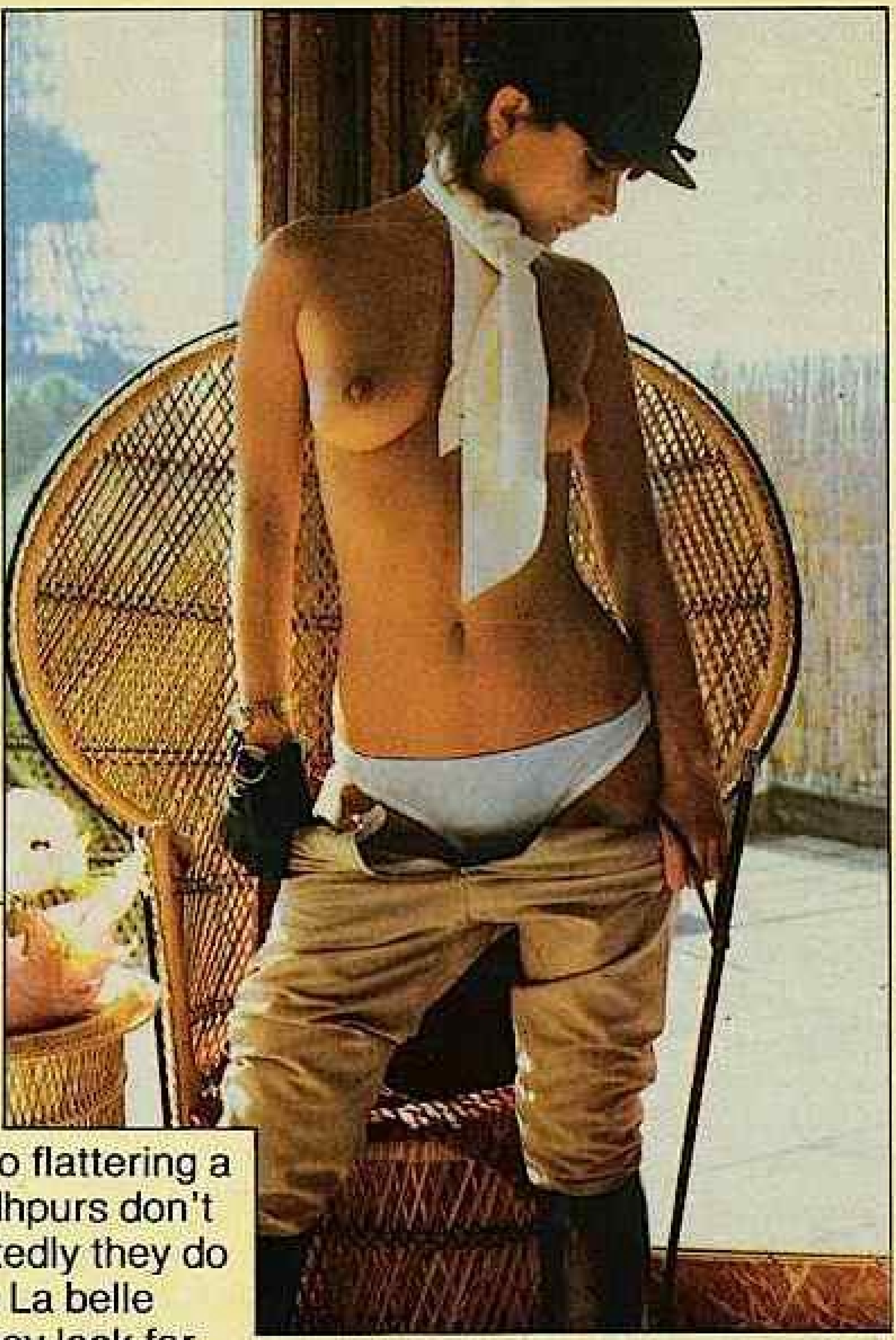
P Coach

BABE RUTH
KNAVE
MAGAZINE

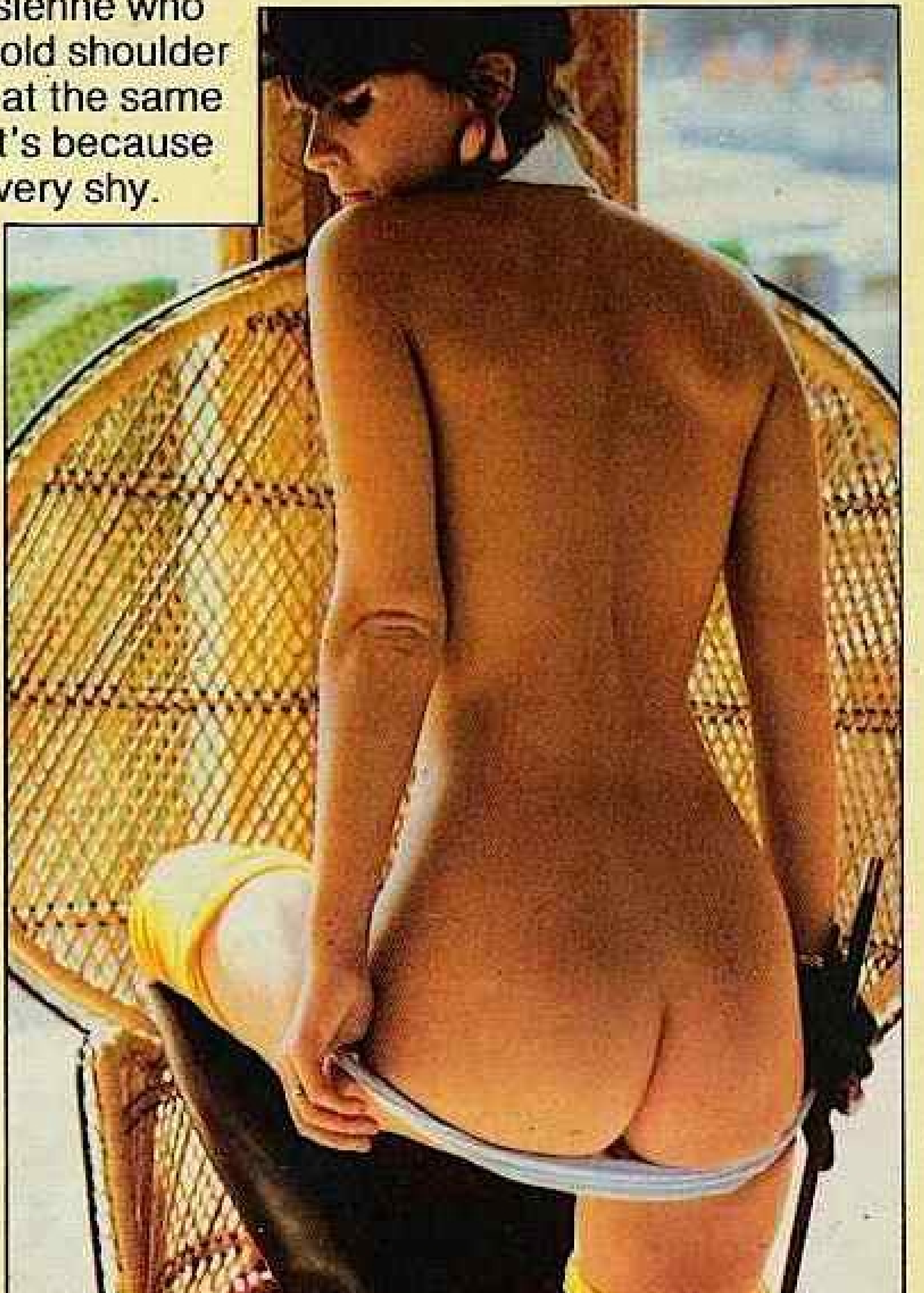
Therèse





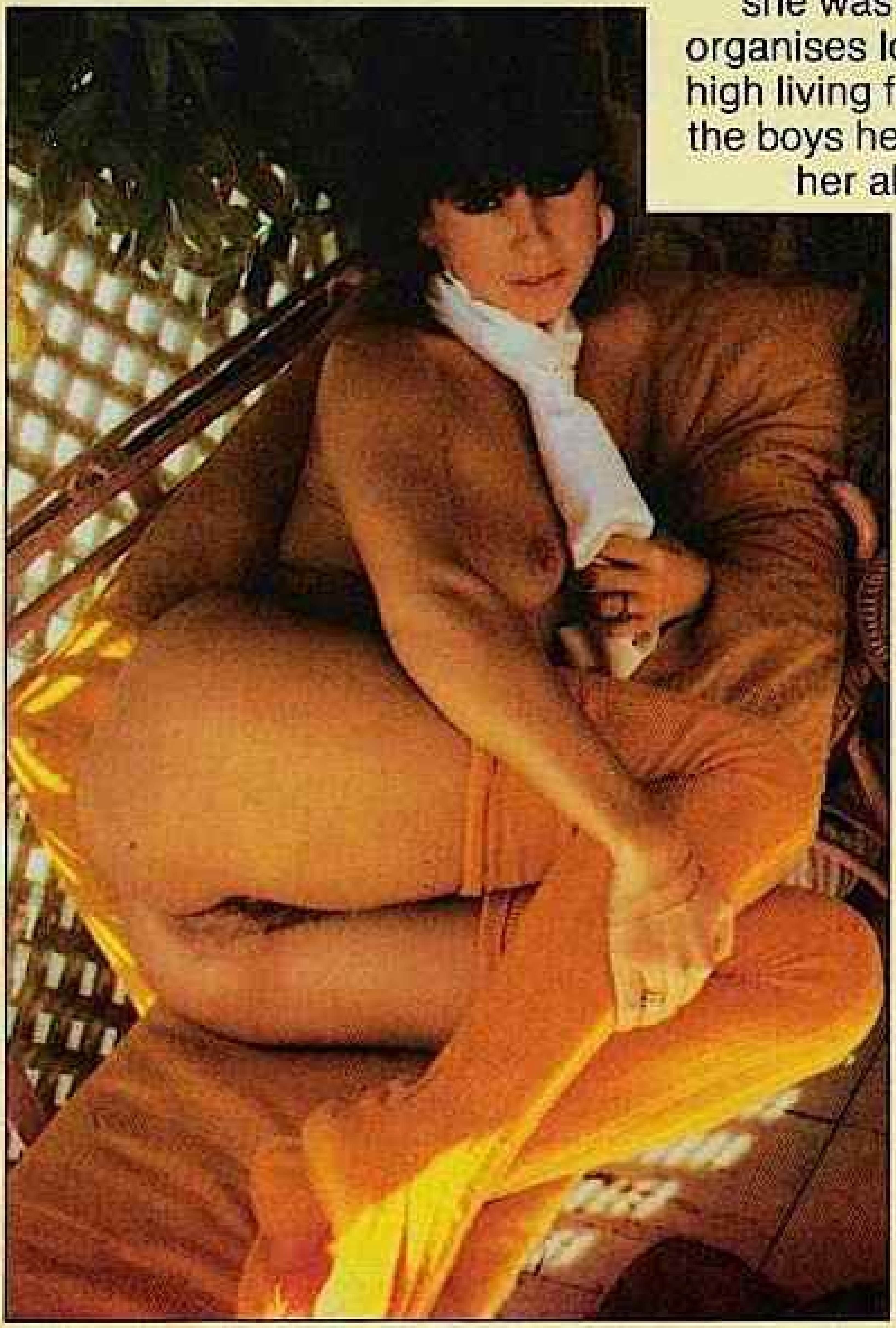


When it comes to flattering a girl's figure, jodhpurs don't as a rule. Admittedly they do look nice on La belle Therèse but they look far better off. She's the kind of hoity-toity Parisienne who gives boys the cold shoulder and hot flushes at the same time — but that's because she's really very shy.

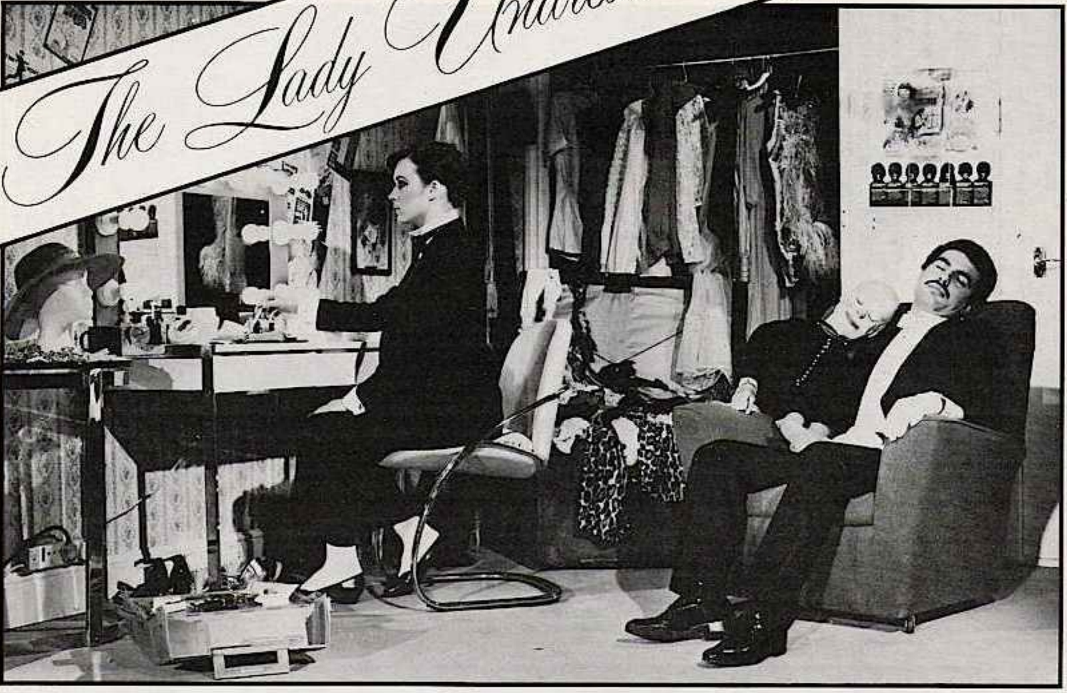


PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERGE JAQUES

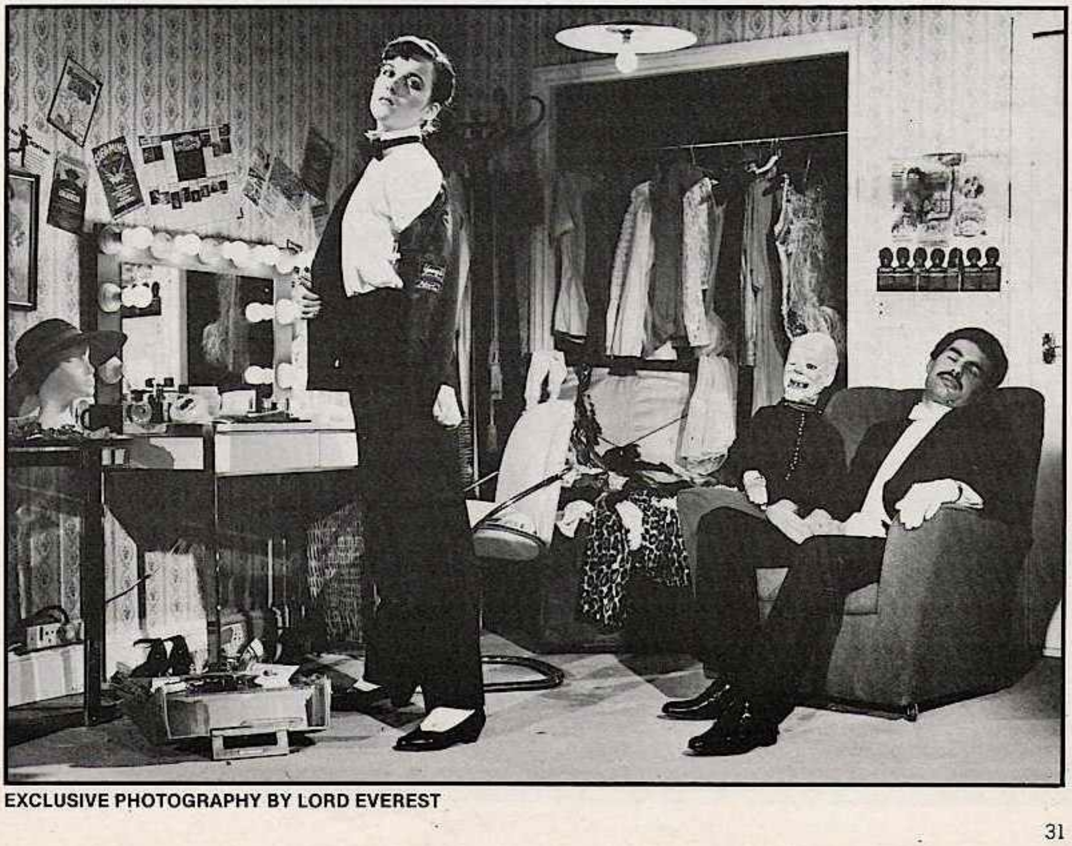
But when she decides to let go, the fuses really blow. She was chucked out of a terribly posh finishing school for trying to set fire to the headmistress's bed — while she was in it. Now she organises low life parties for high living friends, and loves the boys her mother warned her about. Nice!



The Lady Undresses



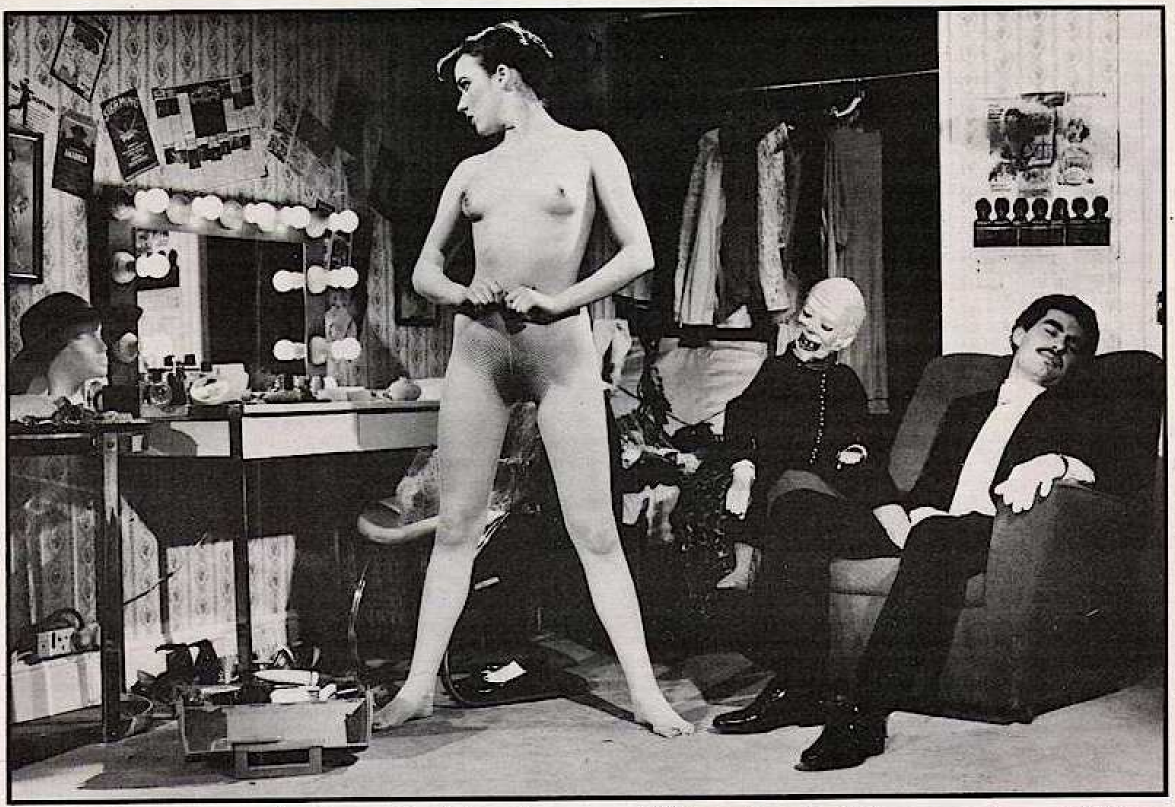
After a liquid lunch the Great Alfredo is well matinéed. He nods in the dressing room, with faithful Uncle Zeke beside him. Enter a silent stranger who begins to strip.



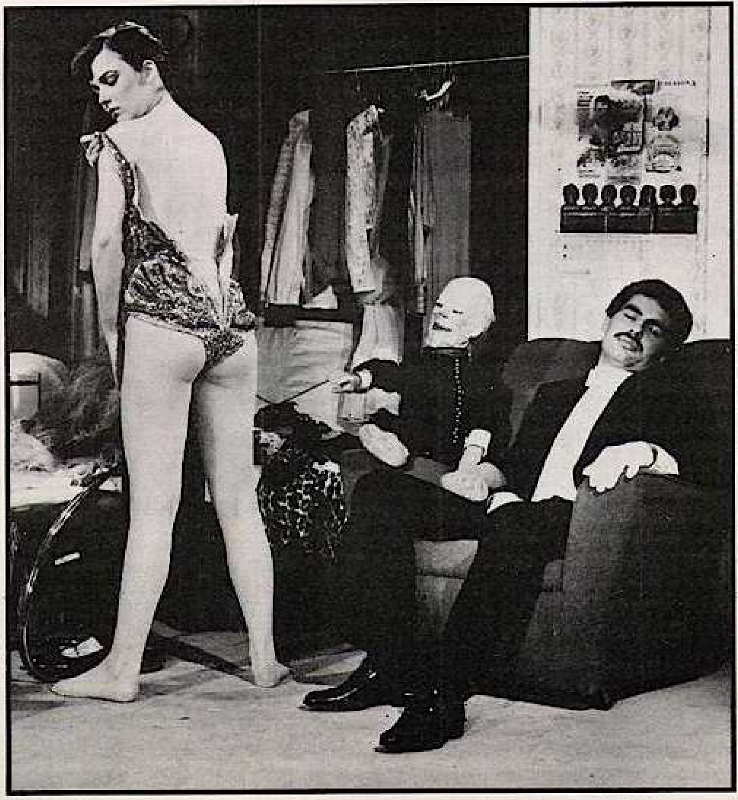
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORD EVEREST

Zeke awakens to the sight of a well rounded bum and . . . horrors! Can he be turning wooftah? It's a chap, surely. No, a glance reveals a gratifying lack of winkle. The chap's a girl after all . . . phew!

Blushing beneath his lacquer, Zeke peeks . . . and freaks! Gosh, what a stunner . . . reminds him of his days as a young shrub . . . sap rising, and so forth . . . root and branch, by George!



Wanton Wilma, spying her small admirer, is entranced. What a charming little man, and so useful if she should run out of fire wood. Soon he is in her arms and they are leaving together . . . leaving for a new life . . . leaving the dummy behind.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTIN TURNER

Vanessa

You are cordially invited to an evening of sublime sex and erotic extravagance — Chez Vanessa. As you can see her bijou residence is mostly bedroom which, in turn, is mostly bed — and this is where she prefers to receive her guests. Clothes are entirely optional since the central heating has been turned on and so has Vanessa. Among the party games that will be played are 'Postman's Knock', 'The Postman Cometh' and 'The Postman Always Comes Twice' — it's her party and she'll come if she wants to. Bring a bottle if you like and an oxygen mask if you must — but leave your inhibitions behind you.